



The Malihini Xmas Tree.

Christmas Recollections.

Christmastide in Hawaii.

The Malihini Christmas Tree is something concerning which there are probably malihinis in the city who know nothing and others who know little. For their information I am going to make the following explanation, which kamaainas may read or skip, as they desire.

Four years ago, on Christmas 1907, a number of wealthy tourists in the city, feeling a drowsiness about a Christmas away from home, with no one near at hand to whom to give presents, resolved to have a Christmas tree of their own upon which to hang gifts for as many poor children of Honolulu as they could gather together on short notice. They started about town in an automobile, on a shopping tour, loading the machine with toys. These they distributed on Christmas morning with their own hands, and thus the Malihini Christmas Tree was born.

The next year, in a small way, the affair was continued on money collected among the tourists at the hotels. The third year it appeared about to die for lack of someone to take hold of it and push it through. Mrs. Elizabeth Church called upon the editor of The Advertiser and urged that this paper take the matter up. It did, and with the assistance of Mrs. Church and a number of other energetic ladies, prominent among whom were Mrs. A. E. Murphy and Mrs. A. N. Campbell, the affair was a great one. Last year The Advertiser again took the initiative and solicited funds and the affair was a success up to the moment of distribution, when a torrential rain spoiled the "best laid schemes."

This year Honolulu needed little urging from The Advertiser. Mrs. Campbell, who has retained her great interest in the event, personally collected nearly a thousand dollars, the people contributing willingly. To her a great deal of the credit of the assured success of the event tomorrow is due.

The beautiful idea of a public Christmas Tree for the poor was started in Honolulu by strangers and in their honor the event, of which tomorrow's will be the fifth, has been known as the Malihini Christmas Tree. To it, tomorrow morning, are invited all the strangers in this city who wish to see and take some part in Christmas giving. The event, as far as I know, is known only in Honolulu. I do not believe that anywhere else in the world is there a free and public giving away of Christmas toys to twenty-five hundred poor children, selected as recipients for gifts solely because of their poverty, with no class, color or religious lines drawn.

If you are spending Christmas day away from home and friends, come over to the Malihini Tree tomorrow morning and get in on the greatest Christmas tree on earth.

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Someone generally steps forward to offer a choice variety of old-time Christmas recollections, usually pointing out in a grouchy way the extravagances of the present generation as compared with the easily pleased children of years ago, and I want to beat that person to it.

Believe me, I have no patience with the confounded old fool who tries to make the poor little innocent children of today mad with jealousy by telling of the happy days of a stick of peppermint candy, a sourball and a one-blade pocketknife. Is it right to start the kids of today pining for red-top boots with brass tips? No, a thousand times no! This is undeserved cruelty, of such a nature as would not even be inflicted upon a suffragette in these days of peace on earth, good will to women.

There is one particularly mean old coddler in Honolulu who, just about this season of the year, begins to tell his grandchildren about the fearful privations and meager joys of his childhood Christmas days, with the sly intention of making them so wild with envy that they will accept a five-cent picture book or a damaged toy with the most abject gratitude.

When this foxy old grandpop commences with his blamed old hypocritical yarns he gets the kids writhing with envy from the start-off. The coonakin cap that he pulled down over his ears as he shouldered an old double-barreled flintlock way back in the smiffies or therabouts, and went out through the wild and drifted snow to plug a wild turkey for Christmas, that cap, believe me, would be worth its weight in gold or old postage stamps to the adventure-loving kids of today, who are suffering from the pangs of the deadly ennuui (pronounce it as best you may).

There is wild excitement, you may be sure, when this reprobate old grandpop goes on to tell how he got his turkey at the first shot and was about to grab it when an Indian popped out from behind a tree and tried to wrest it from our hero, who slapped said redskin over his coconut with the trusty old flintlock, felling him to the ground and taking from the Indian's tobacco pouch the makin's of our suffering hero's first cigarette. (Cheers).

Pretty soon this very pretty little story is followed by bear-chasing and walloping the schoolmaster, punctuated with a vivid description of the boyhood sorrows of that bewhiskered old hypocrite, the children growing more pop-eyed and envious every minute. There is great excitement when he tells about one Christmas eve when he and a crowd of fellow-sufferers stole the bell on top of the little red schoolhouse and carried it through the village, clanging and banging out noise such as would make the tooting of a Honolulu joyrider sound like a soap-box orator with his mouth tied shut, as you will agree with me it always should be, by all means.

Another thriller the kids like to hear as they stand wide-eyed and open-mouthed before their old reprobate of a grandpop is anything in the way of a bump into a tree going down hill on a sled and having his front teeth knocked out. Any one of the kids would cheerfully sacrifice not only his own teeth, but innumerable sets of artificial, believe me, to have been in grandpop's red-top boots on those past Christmases of privations and suffering.

And any of the boys would swap everything he has for a chance to go out early Christmas morning, skating along the river banks to see how many muskrats he had trapped through the night. To break through the ice couple of times and almost drown is a feature this mean old grandpop never fails to bring out in his story of youthful hardships.

The attractive sufferings, as he tells them, makes the youngsters wild with envy and if the Humane Society wishes to do the right thing—a merciful kindness to the children of Honolulu this Christmas,—let them muzzle all old hypocritical grandpops who try to stir up pity for themselves and succeed only in creating riotous envy in the hearts of the youngsters who should by all means be kept in ignorance of the cherished sufferings of by-gone days.

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Christmas in the States and Christmas in the tropics!

What an anomaly it sometimes seems to the newcomer in Honolulu to call the twenty-fifth of December, Christmas Day. Rather should it be the season of sesterstide. The mainlanders, in all but a few localities, celebrate Christmas in the midst of snow, sleet and ice. Here the day comes to a land of beauty, of flowers, rich and rare in color and perfume, with a perfect blue sky overhead; to a balmy land with the temperature ranging anywhere from 79 to 85. This is a daytime picture of Christmas in Honolulu.

And in the evening, many spandous lawns aglow with Chinese lanterns and slender pinches of many hues, dancers arrayed in the whitest, lightest and slickest of fabrics tripping two-steps gaily, attentiveness beneath a moon of wonderful light, to the strains of a lively Hawaiian melody, fascinating and inspiring! Such may be the day and eve before Christmas in Honolulu.

And on Christmas morning one awakens to the tinny song of bright-bird

SIDELIGHTS

JUST MISSED SANTA CLAUS.

Several times, when I was a boy, I just missed seeing Santa Claus and it was a deep disappointment, for I was as anxious to make his personal acquaintance as the youngsters of the present generation are. Back in New England, not so very long after "The War" Christmas was more of a simple home celebration than it appears to be now; that is, it was more concentrated within the home circle and there was not the mad rush at the last moment to "shop." The womenfolk generally made many of the presents they gave and there was a Christmas tree and a jollification for the "kids." But in my father's house on Christmas eve we youngsters were permitted to sit up a little later than usual and we gathered about the open fireplace with a feeling of awe and anticipation, for that was the night when father talked with Santa Claus.

Every once in awhile he would call up the chimney: "Are you there, Mr. Santa Claus?" but always it was quite a time before there was an answer; then would come in muffled tones a far-away voice saying: "Yes, this is Santa Claus, and I am in a great hurry, but I can not pay you a visit until all the little boys are in bed and asleep."

Then would follow a conversation as to the goodness of myself and brothers; and strange to say Santa Claus seemed to know our faults to a marvelous degree. I remember that one evening when Santa was talking it occurred to me that this was a good time to catch Santa Claus on the house top, and I sneaked out of the room and out through the kitchen door into the garden, but I was too late, for the only man I saw was our coachman coming down a ladder and when I asked him if he had seen Santa, he said no, but that he had heard a voice up on the roof, but didn't pay much attention to it. I remember it was a great disappointment to me at the time.

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### CARNIVAL TIME.

That was a real carnival spirit which prevailed last evening, one of joyousness unconfined without the roughness which spoils the pleasure of some. Everybody seemed happy and the tin horns and confetti were in sufficient quantity to make up for half a dozen carnivals, seemingly. Thanks, in part at least, to the police arrangements there was much less rowdiness than in past years, while the way the crowd was kept moving was an excellent indication of what can be done on such occasions with proper supervision by the authorities. In some ways it reminded me of the carnival at Nice—after the pageant—when the horns and the confetti were also in evidence, but in Honolulu there were not the grotesque costumes so often seen across the Atlantic. But the semi-tropic sky, the balmy air, the bright starlit night were of the Riviera.

And among the liveliest of the carnivalists last night were the men of the fleet. They seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with an abandon, reinforced by good humor, that added much to the jollification. Their white uniforms were everywhere in the thickest of the fray and the store of confetti ammunition they had in their lockers was apparently inexhaustible. One of their principal stunts was that of boarding wandering automobiles, especially if there was a pretty girl as a passenger, and that was generally the case, and showering her with the stuff. It was all good humored and there was very little of the rough play that could jar on the nerves of a carnival fiend. But my, what a noise!

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CASE OF GOING FISHING.

What would you rather do or go fishing? In Oahu I would rather do almost anything—under ordinary circumstances—and I have had considerable experience; yes, doing other things besides fishing. But fishing for fish is a hobby of mine, from playing with a festive trout in a dark pool under the fir trees among the mountains, to trying for a tuna at Catalina Island, off the coast of California. But really, you know, the fish one gets here are generally just bright spots and they average two sinkers to a fish, if you are lucky. But fishing for the "beasts" which inhabit the waters of this island is amusing principally because you can't tell just what you're going to get next. Which reminds me.

I had heard of Black Point, the other side of Diamond Head, as a good fishing ground; so one day with rod and reel, a pound or two of sinkers, numerous hooks and a variety of bait, I started for the somber named projection at the southern corner of Waialae Bay. My wife, of course, also went along with her own particular rod and reel, etc., and what's more we walked. We also got there, eventually.

Well, sir, we fished and fished and fished. We had a dandy time too, drinking in the pure air, magnificent view and cold tea; exploring the rocks and jungle, among which are unexpected bungalows, in fact made a real happy holiday out of it. But the only fish we caught was a nondescript creature, which we carefully carried home for the cat. As a fishing excursion it was a failure, but in every other way the trip was a success. Still, when I go fishing I like to go FISHING.

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### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It really is remarkable how this world do move. And nowhere is that movement so perceptible as right here in the Paradise of the Pacific. Speaking of movement the first time I landed here in Honolulu was back in the good old days when the army transport deposited itself like a huge whale in the waters of the bay about once every so often—more often than so.

It was also in the days when I was serving Uncle Sam and a grouchy quartermaster captain as a sergeant in the army for my monthly pay. I had been looking forward to a day on the beach in Honolulu after nearly two years in the Islands and when I guess it was Diamond Head—hove in sight over the anchor falls of the old Mead I heaved a large and deep-seated sigh of delight.

But delight was not for me. I was cast for guard duty and on board I was ordered to remain—and did. After waiting for some hours for a hard hearted captain to relinquish himself to a quiet game or a nap I went below but not to rest. We had a wild-eyed bunch of time-expired men on board and two of them slipped over the rail and went ashore with the fell intent of doing all and sundry who came into their path.

Their way led them into a saloon not a thousand miles from King street and there they proceeded to make merry. Their joy soon passed upon the saloonkeeper and he sent a hurry call to the police who in turn notified the transport just as I was turning in.

With two men I started for the spot—I mean the saloon. A large and fat policeman accompanied us. I remember how his fat, white face shone in the lamp lights as we walked. Arrived at the saloon we found our quarry gone to other pastures. Then followed an all night hunt. Personally and in the interests of peace and good order I visited most of the grogeries in the lower half of the city. But it was not until morning that I finally rounded up our men fast asleep in a quiet nook near one of the King street bridges in the neighborhood of the present Matson wharf. I lugged them home as the grey-light of the dawn provided fantastic impressions of Honolulu.

Since then I have found it needful to alter each and every one of them, which brings me round to the first sentence again: It really is remarkable how the world do move.

tropical birds nesting in the spreading branches of a nearby banyan tree or the utility algaroba; the air is warm, the day bright and sunny; the children are romping over the lawns, bareheaded and barefooted, loudly singing the praises of good old Santa Claus for the treasures he has given them. This is a picture of Christmas Day here, "on the other side of the world," beneath a near-equatorial sun.

To kamaainas in the Hawaiian Islands, who have not set foot on the shores of the mainland for five, ten, maybe twenty, years, the memories of Christmas Day on the mainland come back at this season as a dream. Winter never places his hoary hand upon the flower land of Hawaii and it is difficult sometimes to picture in one's mind away out in the middle of the great Pacific Ocean, in these pin-dots of islands as they appear on the maps, the gayly lighted streets of a large city where every shop window teems with Christmas joys, where all is light and warmth within, and all is cold and crisp and snowy outside. Jangling sleigh-bells, fur-bedeked and pink-cheeked laughing girls, prancing red-nosed horses with flesh all a tingle in the sharp biting wintry air. These are memories only. We have our own "Merry Christmas" in Summer land.

And, to the malihini, Christmas in Hawaii comes as a strange surprise. In this flower land he may yearn, perhaps, for the cold, snowy, frosty, icy Christmas, where one can feel the warmth of the Yule log and watch it flick and burn and cheer to gladden all hearts; but, however new his surroundings, he may still feel here the glad glow of the Christmas season, or, extending to all-embracing, as joyous as the flowers and in the bright sunshine as he has ever felt it under ruder skies and in a colder clime.

## Small Talks

**ALBERT WATERHOUSE.**—There are lots of queer things in Peking to make a man rubber.

**KENNETH GORDON.**—I should like to have it distinctly understood that I am not a high-flyer.

**T. T. P. WATERHOUSE.**—Did we raise any big game in the Malay States? You bet we did. It was a royal Bengal tiger.

**ROBERT E. BOND.**—Those electrical appliances we are introducing made fine Christmas presents and they gave many a shock—of surprise.

**SENATOR ERIC KNUDSEN.**—I had to go to the Malay States to learn that armadillos were amphibious. We saw one there swimming down a river.

**R. H. TRENT.**—There are many opportunities in Honolulu at this time for building up home places and it should be the ambition of every man to do so.

**AMBROSE J. WITZ.**—The Mooses are going to make a hit in their first public appearance next Wednesday evening, and believe me, that benefit will go a long way toward putting up a building for the King's Daughters.

**"SOAP BOX" BARRON.**—I will do a long-distance talking match with all comers for a purse of any size. If I can't get a challenge I shall claim the championship of the world, Mars, and any other planet that may be inhabited.

**G. W. LINCOLN.**—I have slept under a mosquito net in this country from the year 1876 up to recently, when, thanks to the good work of the board of health and its citizens' sanitary committee I have been able to put the net away. I think this city ought to join me in thanking the board of health and its committee for the good work of the antimosquito campaign.

**ARCHIVIST LYDECKER.**—On April 27, 1853, a petition was presented to the house of representatives from residents of Koolaupeko, Oahu, praying that sleeping during the day be prohibited. Rather hard on the police! What? Also on the same day another one was laid before the house praying that the tax on good quiet dogs be abolished. This petition also requested that the road supervisors who are faulty be discharged.

**E. S. BARRY.**—I'm having all sorts of trouble over the arrangement of races and games for the entertainment of the boys of the fleet. This is due largely to the uncertainty of the program outlined for the sailors, but partly to the selfishness of local people. First off the A. A. U. steps in and interferes with a racing program; then there is trouble over conflict of dates on Moiliili park. Seems to me Honolulu people ought to loosen up and give the fleet boys right-of-way in these sports while they are here.

**ROBBINS ANDERSON.**—The successful effort of Attorney Lyle Diekey in getting a favorable decision for his client in the action of Mrs. Atherley against Lewers & Cooke, for the possession of property near the waterfront, is what I would consider putting through one of the finest pieces of legal work. When you consider that he went to the United States Supreme Court in the face of three adverse territorial supreme court decision and possession of property of nearly fifty-five years' standing, he did something remarkable.

**FRED WHITNEY.**—Doctor Trousseau was one of the doctors under the monarchy who frequently called attention to the possibility of yellow fever coming to these Islands. He was an energetic health officer and while port physician, would sometimes remain out in his boat off the channel, at night, waiting for a vessel so that he might board it at once and prevent the introduction of any disease. He didn't want anything to slip past him while he was the guardian of the port's health.

## The Christmas Bells

By Charles F. Dolé.

The bells are ringing their call of joy. What is their joy? They bid us remember the beautiful life of One long ago, who loved goodness and truth, and loved little children, and loved the poor and hopeless better than he loved his own life.

The joy-bells are ringing. They tell us the wonderful story of a great marching host of the sons of God, of every race and language in every generation. These walked with God, and loved to do good, and feared not to toil, to suffer, or to die. They only sought to do good. Mighty leaders of men march at their head; poets and singers lift up their voices; prophets and teachers show forth the coming of the victorious kingdom of goodness. Lovers of justice and lovers of freedom march with the sound of the bells. The modest and true-hearted and humble, the constant and faithful are here. All the men of good-cheer and good-will march with the bells. Sorrow is not on their faces. They go the way of the light.

The joy-bells are ringing for Christmas. They sing that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," that all things work together for good. They are telling the miracle that darkness passes away and light shines forever, that death is changed into life, that no evil thing can endure and no good thing shall fail.

The bells are ringing their praise for the glorious past; for the brave and the true, for the costly progress of man through thousands of years. They ring not only for the past; they ring for the good times that are coming, for nobler people, for happier homes, for more beautiful cities, for the passing away of ancient abuses and cruel poverty, for peace and righteousness binding the nations together.

The bells are ringing for Christmas. But they ring not for one day alone; they ring for all days, for the spring-time and the harvest, for the bright days of summer and the winter nights, for the seasons of cloud and of sunshine.

The bells are bringing a message. They ring for us. Who will hear their call and march with their music? It is the long call of the ages. God is here and now; his work is here at our doors. Was there ever one true Son of God? Then we, too, are his sons and daughters. Did ever one man gladly give his life for his brothers? Shall we not all then find our joy to give likewise? Why should the men of the past have been brave and faithful to death, and we, the heirs of the ages, be less faithful and brave? The men, our fathers, who marched with the bells, willingly added their lives to build the temple of beauty and goodness. Who of us could bear to do less?

The bells ring in a resolve and a vow; we will go wherever they bid; we will do good and not evil, speak truth and not falsehood, help and not injure, smile on men and not frown. We will build our lives into the temple of God.

The bells are not only on the tall towers of churches. Mystic bells ring in our hearts. They carry the song of life everlasting. Whoever has caught the message and known their delight, whoever has once set forth to do their bidding, can never cease to hear. They shall ring out through the dark, in the midst of strenuous conflict; they shall cheer him in sadness; they shall keep him company in toil; they shall awake him from death, and ring in the new dawn.

### ONE WAY.

"Well, I have gotten rid of half my Christmas shopping."  
"All those presents bid away!"  
"Haven't bought any presents as yet. Just scratched that many people off my list."

**Dr. J. Collis Browne's**

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